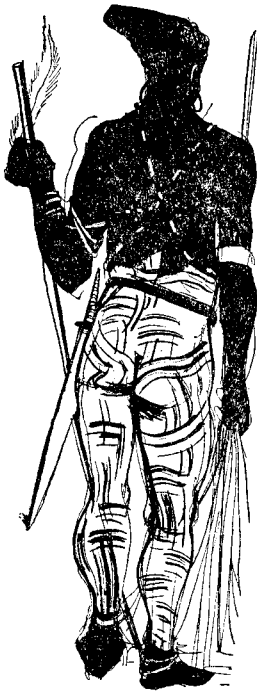


FOURTH BRITISH EMPIRE

—Geoffrey Ashe

THE
Commonweal



**The Congo
Pattern**

by Daniel M. Friedenberg

Mounier: Tragic Optimist

by Michael Harrington

Volume LX, No. 20

August 20, 1954

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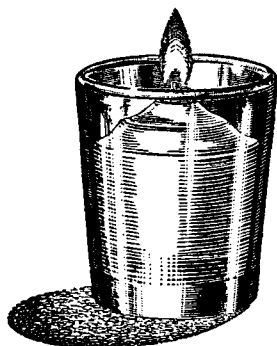
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THE Commonweal

week by week

THE PAINLESS MYTH

TO the historian, it must often seem that nations blunder through history, going from error to error, from one excess to another. Sometimes they survive, sometimes they die, but rarely do nations pursue consistently those goals which later generations see were clearly essential for national self-interest. Perhaps something like this was on Senator John F. Kennedy's mind recently when he wrote an article on foreign policy for the *New York Times Magazine*.

American foreign policy, Senator Kennedy pointed out, is surrounded by a mythology all its own. Many Americans persist in the belief that the scientific skill of the United States cannot be matched in any other country, despite evidence to the contrary; because they think the democratic way of life is the best, many Americans believe it will inevitably be the victor in any struggle; many think that the shores of this nation can never be attacked and that the U. S. cannot lose a war.

Some national myths do little or no harm; others are dangerous. For instance, Senator Kennedy cites those citizens who insist that we can have high tariffs and a market for our goods abroad, at one and the same time; those who simultaneously want reduction in taxation and more spending for defense and other national goals; those who reject bargaining or diplomatic pressure as a method for dealing with international disputes "while at the same time insisting that Communist aggression be halted by all available means—except the use of American boys."

We recognize that we may be suffering from a myth of our own, but it seems to us that American national policy has seldom shown less consistency of purpose that it has lately. Take the events of only the past few weeks as an indication of the national temper.

In Indochina the U. S. was unable to bring any effective pressure to bear, and the free world suffered a catastrophe. There is no other way to put it. After months of mounting tension culminating in the fall of Dienbienphu, we are now witnessing

the partition of that unhappy country and the consequent threat to the other nations in the area. All this has gone on to the tune of background music supplied by American spokesmen, ranging from the extremely bellicose—before the event—to the hopelessly resigned—after the fact.

In Guatemala an uneasy government reigns, supposedly with the approval of the United States. About all that anyone has said in its favor so far is that it is from the U. S. point of view an improvement over the Communist-dominated regime it replaced. We are willing to buy that story, within reason, but the question seems to be: where do we go from here?

The poverty and social unrest which prepared the way for Leftist domination in Guatemala are part of the prevailing pattern in many Latin American countries. Is the United States going to take an active part to see that the war against social injustice makes it hard for Communism to gain another foothold in this hemisphere? Or are we going to wait until another Guatemala happens before we worry again?

SIMULTANEOUSLY with historic events such as those in Guatemala and Indochina, debate on foreign aid appropriations was going forward in the U. S. Congress.

Despite the increasing pressure of the Communist nations upon the borders of the free world, the U. S. Congress cut more than five hundred million dollars out of the already modest proposals submitted by President Eisenhower. After this action was taken, the President told his press conference that the cut was too deep and would hurt the United States badly. Shortly afterwards moves to restore part of what had been cut out were begun on Capitol Hill.

That afterthought is all to the good, but what we are concerned about is not so much a cut in foreign aid and military expenditures here, or the restoration of such funds there. Rather it is the

general attitude of life-as-usual that seems to prevail. We do not seem to be facing the fact that what is now at stake is the survival of the United States as a free nation, as well as much that we hold sacred.

In the past, the United States has followed this behavior pattern often enough. U. S. armed forces have always been cut to the bone once the actual fighting stopped. Planes have been scrapped, tanks junked, and ships sunk or mothballed. Who can forget the narrow margin by which the draft law survived in the months before Pearl Harbor? Because of our great wealth, our national resources and our geographical isolation, this nation has always been able to survive such conduct. When Pearl Harbor came along, the nation could buckle down to winning the war.

If a Pearl Harbor came today, we would not recover so easily. A dozen atomic or hydrogen bombs could cripple our industrial potential. If the blow struck, we could not count this time on a long war which would give us ample time to prepare while our allies held the enemy at bay far from our shores.

It seems to us that the history of the last few decades amply demonstrates at least one thing: it is sheer folly to think that failure to prepare in any way postpones or averts war. Instead, military weakness is an invitation to armed aggression, and failure to prepare for the possibility of war makes that war much more likely. Yet in our opinion this nation is in the process of making the same mistake all over again. There has been much too much emphasis on balancing the budget and cutting taxes when national survival demands that we strengthen

NEXT WEEK

JAMES B. KELLEY discusses current U. S. security measures and their impact upon the scientist.

“War has now passed out of the realm of a struggle between professional armies and navies and has become an immensely complicated affair filled with a lifetime’s nightmare of weapons and counterweapons. The safety of a nation depends on these weapons, and in some circles it is felt that the more terrifying the weapons the better the security of the nation possessing them. But since these weapons are the product of human intellects, it is difficult to know exactly how to keep them secure from the enemy. What is even more confusing is that the enemy changes, so that the ally of yesterday may be the foe of today, and the foe of yesterday the friend of today. . . .”

our armed forces and the over-all ability of other nations to resist aggression.

Time has not run out for us yet. What we need to do as a nation is to stop and take a fresh look at the world in which we find ourselves. We need to examine carefully the dimensions of the threat we face.

We are the leaders in a coalition of free nations engaged in a world-wide struggle for survival. This struggle takes many forms, military, economic, diplomatic, political. Our opposition includes not only armed forces but the natural allies of Communism in countries like Guatemala and Indochina—poverty, injustice, and social unrest.

In the course of this struggle we have scored great victories. We have also suffered great defeats. This is certainly not the time to lose interest in the battle. It is not the time to sit back and wait for another Dienbienphu—or Pearl Harbor. It is time to rid ourselves of the myth that freedom can be served without pain and without expense.

THE LATEST REFUGEES

WARS and rumors of wars have made our age the age of the greatest displacement of peoples in all history. Tens of millions have been uprooted from their homes. Some of these have been forcibly expelled by an invader or in accordance with some treaty providing for compulsory exchange of populations. For these there has been no choice. Others confronted by a prospect that threatened values they had long held dear, if not by virtually certain imprisonment and death, have fled their homes leaving behind all but a few pitiful possessions. They have set out for an unknown destination, to start their lives all over again under unpropitious circumstances in a strange land. This has provided one of the saddest pages of our whole history—of a period replete with wounds and betrayals, with weaknesses and heroism.

Something of the same bitter prospect now confronts hundreds of thousands of anti-Communist Vietnamese north of the 17th parallel. They have little time in which to make up their minds, for the French troops are to depart October 10 leaving the victorious Viet Minh in full possession.

In the meantime the Viet Minh authorities are seeking to persuade their fellow-Vietnamese that they will have nothing to fear. France, they say, is the enemy. Liberation has now taken place. Considering their adeptness at such persuasion and the fact that the Viet Minh have succeeded in their pose as champions of Vietnamese nationalism, this propaganda is having its effect. It is keeping a

number of Vietnamese who may already be marked down for persecution from launching themselves into the unknown, for setting out for the South.

Premier Ngo Dinh Diem's estimate of seven hundred thousand who should migrate south before the Viet Minh take over gives some idea of the scope of this new refugee problem. The American Government, with its offer of August 8 to transport one hundred thousand to South Viet Nam and to contribute to their maintenance, has rushed into the breach. A number of private agencies active in war-torn Viet Nam are already making new preparations. Such efforts will perforce have to be greatly amplified.

Before the recent French-Viet Minh settlement refugees from the battle area were many. There were 130,000 of them in Hanoi alone. These would seem to be the first slated for transportation. But many in the Red River delta who have escaped the worst scourges of the seven-year war until now are confronted with a terrible choice.

Their decision would be a less difficult one if the French at long last were giving any convincing indication that they are aware of what needs to be done immediately in the way of granting these peoples full political freedom. Such indication is yet to be given. In consequence confusion persists among many delta families.

Defense of South Viet Nam will be problematical at best in the face of the Communists' relentless drive for expansion. It will be impossible without the wholehearted concurrence of the native population. To build up South Viet Nam as an independent nation is a long chance. But whatever the United States can do to alleviate the lot of the refugees, to hasten full political autonomy, and to provide constructive technical assistance would serve as a lesson that need not be lost in the other Asiatic countries. The elections provided for by treaty two years hence may or may not actually come off, but the Vietnamese situation is still one which the United States can materially affect.

STEEL EMPIRE ON THE DELAWARE

THE arrival in Philadelphia of the first shipment of iron ore from Labrador-Quebec, August 5, signalizes how far certain modern industrial ventures surpass in quantity and scope the activities of many celebrated ancient empires. And this is the second historic ore shipment destined for the mammoth new Fairless plant of the United States Steel Corporation in Bucks County, Pa. The first arrived last January from another important new source of iron, the Bolivar mines of distant Venezuela.

In order to tap the four hundred million tons of ore in this newly discovered source in the wilds of Labrador, a railroad three hundred and sixty miles long had to be cut through the wilderness, from the St. Lawrence deep into the northern woods. Nineteen American and Canadian insurance companies put up the millions needed to complete the project—which was a four-year job.

The changes wrought in Bucks County and the surrounding cities and countryside would seem to be even more epochal in some ways. Acres of pleasant fields and woodlands had to be transformed in order to set up an establishment that would process Venezuelan, Canadian and other ores and scrap into a yearly total of two million tons of steel, or enough to make a million autos. Other plants were built in consequence.

Moreover, a city for seventy thousand people, complete with schools, hospitals and other local facilities sprang up under the U. S. Steel aegis seemingly overnight, while housing facilities in nearby Trenton and other communities have been taxed to the extreme. Real estate developments have mushroomed and real estate values skyrocketed, for miles around.

Completion of the new Pennsylvania Railroad ore pier on Greenwich Point, which received the Canadian ore shipment, is expected in another year to make Philadelphia the leading American port for the first time in over a century. Fairless steel will constitute an important element in the national defense program. Of such are the stuff and dimensions of one new American industrial empire.

THE McCARTHY COMMITTEE

SENATOR Joseph R. McCarthy on the defensive is an interesting, not to say heartening, new sight in American politics. Since the Army-McCarthy hearings, the Senator has been fairly quiet, and he has been taking the punches rather than dishing them out. His occasional attacks have fallen dully in what would appear to be a sudden public boredom, or they have ingloriously met Presidential indignation, as was the case with his new attack on General Marshall.

Now the Senator is in the most serious trouble of his career. The Senate itself has gravely taken under consideration his fitness to serve with that body.

The United States Senate is traditionally slow to restrict any of its members out of a healthy fear of establishing dangerous precedents. But now it has turned to McCarthy. Senator Flanders forced the issue with an attack on McCarthy which was

about as inept and irresponsible as some of McCarthy's own, and which subsequently was patched up by Senator Fulbright and supported by him and a small band of determined Senate liberals.

The committee which now has been formed under the chairmanship of Senator Arthur V. Watkins is made up of conservative men, conscious of the traditions of the Senate and of American justice. It is appropriate that conservatives should be assigned to deal with this problem, for McCarthy represents what can only be described as radicalism of the right. We feel sure that these men do not bear their responsibility lightly. For our part, we have long been convinced that Senator McCarthy's conduct reflected no credit upon the Senate.

FLIGHT TO AFRICA

THE remarkable new Premier of France moves fast. Indochina out of sight, if not quite out of mind, he turned immediately to the worsening North African situation. He flew to Tunisia, visited the Bey of Tunis, and proclaimed the complete autonomy of the protectorate in all matters except foreign and military policy. The Bey appointed Tahar Ben Amar, a moderate nationalist, Premier of Tunisia. The new Premier selected a cabinet from among other moderates. This body is to negotiate with France the specific terms of the new relationship.

But nationalism is not wholly satisfied by this move. Some in Tunisia want more independence than France has shown itself willing to give, some in France don't want North Africa given any autonomy at all, and in Morocco, which did not get an offer of independence, there has been a new explosion of rioting and violence.

This much, however, has been gained: at last there is a move towards a solution, an expression of good faith. For France to succeed in building a new relationship will be difficult in Tunisia as well as Morocco, but prior to M. Mendes-France's visit to Africa it had seemed altogether impossible.

"SHANGHAI EXPRESS"

ONE of the fine films of the early thirties (1932, to be exact) was recently revived in New York: "Shanghai Express," the work of the great Josef von Sternberg. Here was the perfect film of its class—a durable class which includes "Night Train," "The Lady Vanishes" and untold numbers of imitations, all together an international trainload of melodrama rolling through the misty nights from Paris to Peiping. And here, in memorable scenes,

was the Asia myth of the thirties, only two hazardous decades ago.

Clive Brook plays the impeccable British Army medical officer who had exiled himself to the outposts of Empire to forget a love affair. And Marlene Dietrich, all taut plucked eyebrows, furs and murmuring voice, plays the woman who once had loved him and after the broken engagement had gone to China to become the notorious "Shanghai Lily." Here you must cooperate with a brief Coleridgian suspension of disbelief.) Swing-man in the drama is a younger Sidney Toler, Eurasian chief of the Chinese revolutionary armies (who, when the revolution played out, hired some epigram-writers, changed his name to Charlie Chan, and succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of any revolutionary).

Also present is a French officer who speaks no English, a sinister German invalid, an old lady with a Pekinese, and Anna May Wong posing as a Shanghai society call-girl. The only person missing is Erich von Stroheim, and he probably got tied up being fitted for that neck brace he was to wear in "Grand Illusion" and missed the train.

But the craft of this melodrama and the magnificence of its lines ("I, sir, am a British officer! I demand to know by what right you are detaining us here" says Brook, fondling his swagger stick and gloves, his trenchcoat tossed languidly over the shoulders of his mess-jacket) could occupy our admiration for two pages. What is significant about this film, if anything about it is significant, is the delusion so handsomely mounted in its rich scenes.

The day of gunboats on the Yangtze was going fast when this film was made, but, alas, one would never know. (Brook tells the revolutionary general, "Your army is nothing but a mob of ruffians; the Chinese government will wipe it out in a week!") Malraux' *Man's Fate*, a novel of the Chinese revolution, was to be published not many months after this film, but you would never know. Coolies are part of the overhead, jammed into the background of the scenes, the camera nosing around among them for their value as spectacle, while the Europeans, who count, dine in First Class. "What future is there in being a Chinaman?" Eugene Pallette asks Sidney Toler, and Toler smiles enigmatically, as Chinamen are wont to do. One would almost think he had read Malraux.

But then nobody ever pretended that "Shanghai Express" was a serious work and perhaps it is pretentious for us to speculate about it. It was, and is, a classic, a brilliant piece of filmmaking; and it is also such a period piece, like a snapshot out of childhood; and, oh, how the world turns in twenty years.

The Congo Pattern

"NATURAL RIGHT, ACCORDING TO THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT, CONSISTS OF BLACK AND WHITE BEING BURIED IN THE SAME MOTHER EARTH TOGETHER — IN DIFFERENT CEMETERIES."

DANIEL M. FRIEDENBERG

LEOPOLDVILLE: The most popular joke making the rounds of this capital of the Belgian Congo tells of a planter who, having just come into town from the country, is cautioned by a friend to look under his bed before going to sleep.

"Why, what's the matter?" asks the visitor with surprise.

"You may find a black agitator or a red Communist waiting to knife you."

"What!"

"Yes. It must be so. We read it in *Life*."

The Belgians claim the article written in *Life's* special African issue about the Congo was completely absurd. They don't negate black nationalism but feel that, unless a third world war accelerates events, it will take another fifteen years before the black will make any effective progress in his desire for political expression; and then the concessions the Belgians may be forced to yield will be of a nature already granted now in the other African colonies.

The Congo River, which winds between Brazzaville, the capital of French Equatorial Africa, and Leopoldville, is a frontier which creates as striking a contrast in territories as that of our Rio Grande at home. For the Belgians are a Germanic people in looks and personality. Efficiency is the mark and natives are forbidden to lie in the gutters as in the French colonies. The streets even seem cleaner. Blond, blue-eyed citizens march with vigor through the wide boulevards, scorning Latin indolence. The Belgae, whom Tacitus two thousand years ago called the toughest tribe in Europe, have "solved" the black problem according to the Machiavellian adage that you either exterminate the enemy or make him a close friend: and they have, in all but the most literal sense, chosen the former course.

There is here no nonsense about black education, apprenticeship or trustee rights. The highest a black can rise to is laboratory assistant, chief clerk or tribal representative. Beyond that, an absolutely impassable curtain is drawn on one ground alone; the Negro is

prohibited from attending higher education, which becomes the basic requirement for any executive position. (In the last two years, the Belgian government has permitted natives to attend higher education in *Belgium*. Considering the enormous expense involved, the measure may affect less than two-score Negroes.)

The policy is both subtle and brutal. A Negro cannot become a doctor, a lawyer, an administrator; and in business, the highest point he can reach is that of the small shopkeeper. Every position from maître d'hôtel to bank cashier is occupied by whites. And when the black does become a clerk, he is paid only a fragment of the wage given to the white who occupies the same job. Natural right, according to the Belgian government, consists of black and white being buried in the same mother earth together—in different cemeteries.

The policy is highly effective: without lawyers and students of politics, the black is deprived of any effective political leadership; without the possibility of scientific and humanitarian education, he is incapable of realizing that the human capacity of the two groups is separated not by intellectual capacity, but cultural heritage. The result is he more readily accepts the white man's myth of racial superiority.

Oddly, the policy has led to a more stable relation between the two groups, on certain well-defined levels, in the same sense that a medieval town following the thought-pattern of Dante was more settled than his own contemporary city of Florence. The government has coupled its rigid caste system with the benevolent social policies of Bismarck. Food prices are carefully controlled in the native market. Medical treatment is given free of charge in the Hospital of the Blacks. Capital is advanced for primitive housing projects and 100 francs (\$2) will cover the most elementary "Levittown" rent. Any individual black who can show the capacity to pay 1000 francs a month (approximately \$20) may apply for a construction loan to build a better structure. To give an idea how high this brings one up in the black hierarchy, it is necessary to realize that an average laborer receives between 500 and 600 francs a month (\$10-\$12) while those reaching the

Mr. Friedenberg is a New York businessman and writer who has traveled extensively in Africa.

utmost limit in the black hierarchy, for example a chief clerk, will receive 7000 francs or about \$140 a month. The peculiar result of this picture is that the Negro who adjusts to the pattern actually lives better under the rigid dictatorship than he does under the French, who do not limit his personal advancement.

This "ideal" colonial pattern could be maintained in a static world, assuming that the American government would continue to buy up the entire supply of Congo uranium at cartel price. But the world is changing and even the Congo native is involved in this mass spiritual convulsion. The several blacks with whom I conversed in French made more biting remarks about the Flemish than I have ever heard in any other African colony. The reason is simple. No matter how tight frontiers are drawn—white immigration is closed to non-Belgians and even citizens of the mother country must put down a deposit of 50,000 francs or some \$1000 before entering the Congo—ideas seep through.

Across the river, in French Brazzaville, blacks have important administrative posts and in the nearby Portuguese colony of Angola, where there is almost no racial prejudice, color is based on the pocketbook and not the skin. The Congolese native is beginning to learn, therefore, that the myth he hitherto accepted is nothing but a prejudice to exclude him from participation in the affairs of his own country; and once having that knowledge, he resents his automatic inability to rise in the social scale to a larger extent than he is grateful for the economic security.

LEOPOLDVILLE: At dusk, as the sun sets over the fluvial waters, carving grotesque shadows behind the palm and coconut trees, a still falls over the busy city; even in the center of the town the noises of the jungle can be heard, bellows and coughings and thrashings of mortal combat: one is reminded that on this outthrust of the Congo River, pressed on all sides by the wilds of tropical Africa, man has still not yet conclusively shown that he has won the fight against nature.

The straight lines and simple design of the modern buildings gain esteem in the cold fluorescent street light which emphasizes the jalousies, roof overhang and geometric patterns of the reinforced concrete structures. In the reflected light of the glass windows, one can occasionally catch the long shadow of a black limousine and shrill laughter of a female voice. These are the rich Belgians taking to air their black mistresses; forbidden by common usage to exhibit the mulattoes in daylight, with the falling of the sun, like bats, they rise to flutter and make love in the cool night.

Indeed, the Congo can be most heartily recommended to unmarried white women. The sex ratio is perhaps

1:3 in their favor and the colonialists are generally adventurous young men of sound and vigorous physique. There is no prostitution among the whites, nor even that ambiguous class which shudders at the name but partakes of the practice. Because of the dearth of the gentle sex, what the French gracefully call the *ménage à trois* flourishes: again redounding to the pleasures of the female of the species who, according to common opinion, submits with gracious exhilaration.

ELISABETHVILLE: The Belgian government in Brussels must be grateful for Elisabethville and its copper and uranium; this mining region alone accounts for the hard currency of the Belgian people. Elisabethville is the fairy-tale come true of Cinderella with the proton slipper. One is irresistibly reminded of Plato's *Republic*, where each class was in its proper place and all was order: except that the philosopher-kings are owners of stock in Uranium, Copper and Tin and their fitting epitaph may be a cloud of pulverized smoke where Brussels used to stand.

The Mining Union of Belgium pays in wages alone more than the annual government budget. In fact, it forms a government within the government. Following administration policy, it has endeavored to give the blacks a secure economic future on condition that they permanently accept the fixed caste system. The native suburbs are models of probity, the blacks themselves clean, well-fed and respectful. It is said of Marshall Lefère, Napoleon's general in the successful invasion of north Italy, that, mounting the podium, he told the enthusiastic populace: "We come to bring you liberty, equality and fraternity." Then, noticing a restless movement in the large crowd, he added: "But don't lose your heads. The first man who stirs without my permission will be shot." This is the Congo pattern.

A classic definition would be impelled to classify this regime as one of the purest police states in the world; it is completely fascist in the dictionary sense as that polity which freezes the class relations in an attempt to maintain the ruling class in power. Yet a decent Belgian would be appalled if you told him that



the stability and order of the Congo was based on fascist policy. Perhaps, indeed, he may be right. Words such as fascist, police state, democracy and the rights of man are a product of thousands of years of Western civilization and may not be applicable to a situation where a small group of advanced white men are harnessed to a horde of blacks whose cultural ancestry is lagging literally by the millenia.



The Belgians, being more Northern and less imaginative than the French, don't bother their heads with such conceptions as black tutelage but simply regard the Congo as an excellent business proposition, to be milked for all it is worth, with the natives considered as one unit in a production curve whose aim is highest efficiency. They regard the idea of rights of man for pygmies, stunted natives and practitioners of witchcraft as absurd. Some day the natives may not take the same view, which will be awkward for all concerned.

One of the most remarkable features of the Congo administration is its ability to enforce this system with a minimum of Belgian troops. Throughout the French possessions, you find Gallic colonials in every small hamlet and city. But the Belgians have done such a remarkable job of impregnating the idea that the white man is actually a different animal than the black, they don't require physical force—with its load on the taxpayer—to reinforce the myth. On the contrary, it is the poorly-paid black troops who maintain the status quo. The Belgians have out-Spartaed Sparta; they have succeeded in training the Helots to suppress their fellow Helots.

And in the midst of these ruminations, it is fascinating to see growing in oneself a diabolic respect for the Belgian approach to the black problem: it seems so simple; it results in such a lucid solution. The middle-class habitué, almost against the will, tends to find a measure of satisfaction in the social stability evidenced here as contrasted with the social conflict in the other African colonies. The bourgeoisie, as Thomas Mann well remarked, particularly when trembling on the edge of a changing world, tends in a hidden part of the soul to be fascist-inclined (order, rank, security), particularly if the fascism is respectable, creeping in on tip-

toes stealing, like Salazar of Portugal, not messy in the Peron style. This is the casuistic appeal of the Congo.

USUMBURA: this city is the capital of the region called Ruanda-Urundi, formerly part of German Tanganyika, which the Belgians insisted on attaching as their share in the effort to make the world safe for Congo democracy. The poor starving Belgians and their amputated arms: when you see the incredible richness of this area, its gold mines and coffee and cotton plantations, you begin to understand how the Germans became cynical after Versailles.

The lovely town, centered in the Ruzizi Valley at the edge of Lake Tanganyika and surrounded by purple-crested mountains that look incredibly close in the dry mild air, is a paradise for the fifteen hundred whites, all of whom drive American cars. Lanes of poplar and aspen line the roads leading to the pleasant villas on the beach shore. The whites have their own Sporting Grounds with a swimming pool, tennis courts and extensive grounds, and every afternoon it is a common sight to see good-looking blonde women, dolled to the teeth, driving cream-colored Cadillac roadsters to the Club.

Usumbura, with its odd thousand whites, is considered one of the *largest* cities of the Congo. There are only about forty-five thousand Belgians in the entire country (thirty thousand other whites, mainly Greeks and Portuguese, live on a much lower standard) against eleven million blacks, or less than one Belgian to every two hundred blacks. The Congo, larger than India, which supports three hundred and fifty million human beings on a higher cultural level, only contains a total white population of a small suburb to one of our larger American cities.

From the available statistics, there is no such thing as a poor Belgian; the common clerk receives \$7000 a year, though it is true that living costs are high. The ratio between white and black average wages is almost *literally* 100:1, or, transposed into dollars, about \$7000:\$120 a year. The contrast is so staggering that the human mind reels to think what this means in the actual social life of the community. When I arrived at my hotel, where I paid 300 francs or about \$6 for a room without meals, I was scolded by the Belgian proprietor for giving the black who had hauled my heavy luggage some hundred yards 10 francs (or \$.20); he said that was as much as the native should receive for the whole day's work and that by giving him so much I was spoiling him!

As you watch these white mammals, petted and pampered in a sea of blacks who *actually* consider themselves different and inferior animals, you realize more than ever that what the overwhelming mass of

persons really want is to be rocked and lulled in a series of pleasant sensations, to pass life, with the ideality of the bowels, as regularly and smoothly as possible. I have never met a happier group of people than these Belgian colonialists. Recruited for the most part from the lower middle-class, they have found themselves, on the sole basis of nationality and color, lifted to the position of feudal lords. Theirs is the dream-come-true of most of us; they have succeeded in translating class structure into a conditioned response.

It doesn't take much perspicacity, even in so isolated a corner of the world, to realize that these people, with all their tsetse-fly benign somnambulism, are waltzing on the brink of annihilation. Arrogance, arrogance; we stand amazed at the explosion of Asia as though we had no part in it; like drooling idiots, we spit in the placid waters and then are shocked at the mirrored distortion of our visage.

COSTERMANSVILLE: I managed to hitch a ride with a colonial across the mountains separating Usumbura from this fourth largest city of the Congo with its thirty-five hundred whites. The mountain route, with the Ruzizi River narrowly winding between the two ranges separating the Belgian Congo from the province of Ruanda-Urundi, is one of the most spectacular trails in the world: this is where "King Solomon's Mines" was filmed. Native drummers announce the passage on the precipitous dirt road—only one-way traffic is possible—by the most unromantic procedure of beating empty American gasoline tins to inform the next post across the heights. The sentries live in matted frond huts with crawl entrances above the road and, European education not being granted to the natives, the drivers have to speak Swahili to understand the instructions.

At sunset the sentries quit and each driver is left to his own resources. As our car mounted along the abyss, the lights picked up a body sprawled in the dust of the road. It was a black who had managed to crawl to the highway, searching help. He was in the last stage of sleeping sickness; death was already nesting in his body. He lay there, a silly hat pulled over his skull-like face, looking at us with helpless eyes. My companion cursed and, pulling him by his sticks of legs, dumped him into the bushes off the road. Half-apologetically he turned to me. "What good would it be if I brought him to the hospital?" he said. "They would look at me as if I were crazy." Perhaps he was right. Yet, before we got back into the car, I took one last look at the dying man. He was staring at me, his hands feebly plucking at his hat. Suddenly I felt sick. The poor devil, in the arms of death, was trying to *take off his hat*. After a lifetime of training, his last reflex action was respect for the white man.

GOMA: The local paper, the *Centre Afrique*, published the details of the recent Belgium Colonial Conference, which considered the possibility of opening the doors for white immigration into the Congo. The article pointed out that although those already in the colony might have their income slightly reduced by competition, it was a more practical method than educating the blacks. It seems that there is a dearth of secondary administrative executives and the government is on the horns of a dilemma; i.e., whether to accept blacks for the positions or let non-Belgian whites come in. The conclusion of the Conference was that it would be best to have white non-Belgians than black Belgian nationals. At least one has to admire the government for its consistency!



Now, however, let us project ourselves into the position of a certain Baganwa, a chieftain's son, who now is permitted to go to Belgium in order to study at the University. In Belgium, of course, he will be treated as a human being, perhaps even a little more respectfully because of his curiosity value. Four years later, having read Rousseau and learned that such an event as the French Revolution really did occur, after having maintained several white mistresses and danced at the best hotels, he comes back to his native land: to find that if he addresses a white man without first being spoken to, he may get slapped in the face or kicked in the buttocks. As a chieftain's son, he burns with that all-too-human combination, a sincere desire to aid his people mixed with a lust for prestige and power. If he gets in trouble with the authorities, which he certainly shall, he will be flung into jail; this will make him a martyr among the small black elite, in turn enhancing his leadership qualities. Multiply this only a few score times and one can taste the future of the Congo. For, as cleverly as the Belgians have seduced this area from the stream of time, the world moves forward apace: as the French are learning in Morocco and Tunisia, the British in Kenya and the Sudan, and Malan in the Union of South Africa. Even an African steam kettle has to have a spigot or it explodes.

The Fourth British Empire

GEOFFREY ASHE

IF you come to think of it, most of what is called the Free World has grown up out of the fragments of British empires.

The First Empire consisted of the huge continental holdings of the Plantagenet kings. At one time or another it engulfed Bordeaux, Tours, Paris, Calais; and it lasted for centuries. France is the geographical outcome of a revolt against the English. And Americans do not need to be told that their own country had precisely the same origin. The United States arose from a split in the second British Empire, the one that avenged its predecessor by dispossessing the French in Canada and India. This Second Empire, even after '76, retained overseas nuclei around which the third developed: the gigantic new India of Disraeli, the gigantic new Canada of Laurier, together with expanses in Africa and Australasia. Most of the population of the Third Empire was Indian. But it did not endure for more than a long lifetime. Bernard Shaw, for instance, was born before it, and yet outlived it. Modern India, the largest democracy in the world, is the chief legacy of the Third Empire, as the U. S. is of the Second, and France of the First.

A Commonwealth remains. But the power of Britain herself has dwindled, and the homeland's jerky post-war recovery has not broken outward into fresh overseas achievements. Will it ever do so? Will there be a Fourth Empire? Or is Britain, at long last, exhausted?

The crucial question is whether this startling capacity for changing the map is only a talent for the use of brute force. If it is, then the age of British empires is past, since the brute force has ceased to be available. But perhaps it is something more.

We can partly infer the enduring British quality (English, to be exact, at some stages, and English enriched by Scottish at others) from the nature of the forces which have risen against it. When great alien peoples have succeeded in throwing off the English, they have several times done so under religious leaders. Saint Joan restored—or rather created—independent France. Gandhi restored—or rather created—independent India. Nearer home, we may note, the Irish revival of the last century found a leader in O'Connell, and O'Connell cannot be even briefly described with-

out suggesting a parallel. He was a deeply religious lawyer; he relied on the masses more than the gentry; yet he refused to give consent to mass violence. The Liberator fell short of holiness, but he anticipated Gandhi as no one else did.

Militant popular religion is a phenomenon which the English find hard to cope with. It is foreign to them. Christian piety, Christian morality, Christian reformism, all these things have played their part nobly in the national life, yet nothing that has happened among the English adds up to a Joan of Arc. Since the Norman dynasty nearly all their saints have been martyrs. In the sphere of positive action, nobody ever goes quite far enough.

A picture emerges of a very definite national characteristic, familiar in broad terms but not always carefully defined. Call it statesmanship, balance, a flair for compromise: this, at any rate, is the secret. Protected and unified by her seas, England possesses a social solidarity which is both an effect and a cause of social peace. Her people are among the most revolutionary on earth, but her revolutions are absorbed, channeled, controlled. You seldom catch them happening. The tendency is constructive, not explosive.

"Statesmanship" is probably the best word for this crucial attribute, and no stories of plunder and exploitation in bygone days can alter the fact that statesmanship was the secret of British power. The Second Empire, the empire of transplanted English in the American colonies, was driven into revolt by a grievous lapse from precisely that principle.

The time of conquests is obviously past. The Fourth Empire, if it comes, will be the sort of thing foreshadowed by the brave experiment on the Gold Coast—a fresh outgoing of statesmanship into some region already within the British orbit, a fresh projection of that creative sanity which the best of the British rulers display. But where is the door still open to pioneers?

THE place, I think, is within the present Commonwealth—an immense territory, still virgin to an incredible extent: namely Canada.

Journalists have had plenty to say lately about the Canadian boom. Uranium is being mined in Saskatchewan. Large-scale atomic power is within sight. Alberta's oil has made that province a second Texas. Quebec, backward and agricultural till the other day, has shot up suddenly into an industrial giant. And now, after decades of hesitation, the St. Lawrence Seaway is to turn the Great Lakes into a second Mediterranean and divert whole navies of merchant shipping from the Atlantic seaboard.

All this is true. The journalists, nevertheless, have outrun themselves. Their tremendous visionary Canada is barred from early realization by two obstacles.

Mr. Ashe, who lives in Ontario, writes on literary and political subjects for magazines on both sides of the Atlantic.

The first is population. Canada has about fifteen million inhabitants—fewer than Mexico, and not many more than the New York metropolitan area. There has been constant debate as to how many people the country could support, with agreement on only one conclusion, that it could support a great many more than it does.

History has been unkind. The westward movement was strangled for a century by the monopolist traders of the Hudson's Bay Company, and even after their surrender, the dominance of a cautious type of settler retarded growth. Today Canada is reaping the fruits. A mere fifteen million jealously independent people, sprinkled like pepper along a transcontinental railroad, cannot exactly shake the world.

The second shortcoming is in the realm of ideas. That is a broad statement which can hardly be made without giving offense. Canadian psychology is a hang-over from the days of the small farmer, the short-sighted profiteer, the depressed industrial worker. The notion of a finished or even played-out economy, which once put Canadian socialism in sight of power, still hangs on.

The real and typical Canadian virtues are still the virtues of the comfortable householder, not the adventurer, and they are still often mixed with a certain lack of vision. Pioneering professions like engineering attract far too few students. In technological thinking Canada lags behind both the U. S. and Britain, and the will to advance is curiously feeble.

The paradoxically high level of unemployment (over three hundred thousand in the midst of the boom) is at least partly due to psychological causes. Canadians, and particularly those with money, are not yet boom-minded or expansion-minded in sufficient numbers. They have not grown up to the stature of their destiny, and within the circle of their native traditions the growth is needlessly hard.

One little episode may be worth quoting. Last year a British youth organization sent out a party to explore a vaguely-known tract of British Columbia. Canadian boys were invited to join the expedition. Not a single one came forward.

A planned Anglo-Canadian partnership could lead to something greater than a slightly accelerated Canadian boom or a slightly less constricted British economy. It could lead, in time, to the rise of a Dual Monarchy capable of meeting America on equal terms. Such is the potential meaning of a number of developments now quietly gaining momentum.

THE plainest chance for imperial statesmanship lies in the field of population. Canada has too few people, England too many, and a stream of well-chosen and well-deployed immigrants could stimulate

Canada to an extent out of all proportion to their numbers. Since World War II Canada has imported just over a million new inhabitants. Many have come from the European Continent, but the British group is the largest. The achievement is already impressive. Nevertheless, in the organizing and broadening of this movement the amount that might yet be done is tremendous.

For all is not well. Consider first the complaints one hears from Canadians. To begin with, there is a natural worry about employment and the housing shortage. Immigrants appear to be taking jobs from citizens, or, at any rate, intensifying the competition for jobs at present going. And they have to live in accommodations of some kind.

Secondly, there is a feeling that the English and Scots who do arrive are "the wrong type." This feeling is partly due to misunderstanding. A manner of conduct and conversation which is natural in the Old Country may be interpreted in Canada as forwardness or putting on airs. The *Main Street* picture is here almost as relevant as ever.

Just the same, some of the newcomers really do behave badly. They expect to get rich quick in soft jobs, and they show a rather disgusting unwillingness to adapt themselves to the needs of Canada. One Government official has told the story of an Englishman who computed that three days' wages in Ontario would give him enough to live on for a week. He accordingly proposed to report for work only on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays.

The emigrants, however, have grievances too. The information they get before departure is misleading, they say, and the reception given them at Canadian employment exchanges is heartbreakingly hostile. There is good ground for some of this talk. Local authorities at Sault Ste. Marie, where unemployment is heavy, have lately been protesting to Ottawa at the unrestrained influx of New Canadians—all of them aglow with assurances said to have been received before sailing, and most of them destined to become a public burden at Sault Ste. Marie.

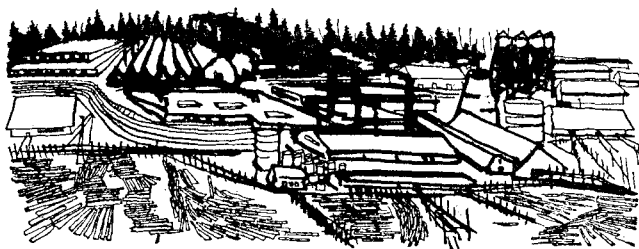
It is hard to tell exactly where responsibility lies in this matter. Canada's overseas immigration officers are given courses to aid them in their counseling duties, and Ottawa notifies them of special conditions which affect a newcomer's chances. Too little of this information seems to percolate through. Preliminary interviews go astray somehow. Points are silently taken for granted, distinctions are not drawn when they should be, and the result is distress.

More profound is the failure to prepare British emigrants for the *difference* of Canada. They form a vague notion that Canada is "like" Britain, only easier to get ahead in, and that emigration can be a step forward on every count. But it cannot. The emigrant

gives up some things in order to get others. He usually decides, in the end, that he has gained, but the process of realignment is tricky. Because of this lack of preliminary understanding, emigration leads to far more spiritual frustration than it has to.

MANY in Britain would be glad to cross the Atlantic if the act were less of a leap in the dark, and Canada can only profit by a steady supply of useful, willing, and well-adjusted people—from the Continent as well as the United Kingdom—so long as they go to the right places. Very probably the hard-worked Canadian Immigration Department is doing as much as can be expected of it. The challenge is a challenge to England at least as much as to Canada.

There is need for a fuller, more personal kind of service; for better selection, better preparation, better placement; for agencies that will undertake correspondence, inquiries, and reports on a professional basis, treating the emigrant as a client rather than a unit; for societies that will welcome him and advise him. Public and semi-public bodies on both sides of the Atlantic have an invigorating opportunity here.



As far as immigrants from the Continent are concerned, the Catholic Church in Canada is doing remarkable work. Guidance centers have been instituted in several cities. This September Cardinal McGuigan of Toronto is to open a conference at London, Ontario, with the theme "Immigration and Land Settlement." The conference is only a part of a vigorous campaign. But the immigrant from the British Isles does not get such assistance at either end of his pilgrimage.

The illusion that Canada is somehow fundamentally "like" Britain, and that the Briton will therefore find his feet easily, persists on both sides of the Atlantic. It produces many disappointments. It also postpones the sort of enlightened partnership which the two countries have it in their power to develop by a conscious recognition of difference and a conscious division of function.

THE signs are manifest. The scope for miracles is there. British investment in Canada has begun gathering speed again, in the Duke of Westminster's

spectacular project for forty new factories on an island near Vancouver. With suitable direction, British enterprise could go far toward creating more jobs (and more houses) than British emigrants could take.

More important still is the coming alliance in technology. Generally speaking, the English have tremendous ideas, but it takes Americans to follow them up. Canadians, luckily, have caught enough of the American outlook to do a good deal of following up themselves, if somebody will take the trouble to lead them. A wedding of British scientific genius to Canadian resources and practical skill, under the leadership of technicians drawn from both countries, could supply exactly that stimulus which Canada requires, and exactly that paradise of experimentation which the islanders lack.

As in the case of emigration, movements in the right direction are already perceptible. Collaboration on the Chalk River atomic energy project has shown good results. But, again as in the case of emigration, immeasurably more remains to be done. What is certain is that an Anglo-Canadian partnership, constructed with wisdom and goodwill, linked with Europe and the rest of the Commonwealth as the U. S. can never be and sealed, perhaps, by the establishment of an official royal residence in Ottawa, could in time constitute a power not hopelessly behind the United States in measurable importance, and possibly greater in the imponderables.

THE SCREEN

MAN'S HOPE

IT is so seldom that an American film spends most of its footage considering the basic dignity of man (as did the Italian "Bicycle Thief" and the French "Diary of a Country Priest") that we have twofold reason for welcoming "On the Waterfront." It is, in the first place, extraordinarily successful as a movie. Under the direction of Elia Kazan the action moves along at a fast pace in telling a story of violence and passion on the New York waterfront. Most of the picture was beautifully photographed in Hoboken, New Jersey, with the Hudson River, the New York skyline, the Hoboken piers, saloons, tenements and one Catholic church in particular as background, and it effectively uses these real scenes as part of the story, and the setting becomes almost as important as the actors.

"On the Waterfront" is an excellent example of cooperation in picture making; for that reason it is difficult to spotlight any one person in the credits. Sam

Speigel's excellent production with emphasis on quality all down the line; Budd Schulberg's well-written screenplay which stems from Malcolm Johnson's series of newspaper articles (which won a Pulitzer prize in 1949) and from interviews Schulberg had with various dock leaders and workers, especially Father John M. Corridan, assistant director of the Xavier Labor School; the musical score by Leonard Bernstein which highlights the action and mood and serves as an asset, never as a scene stealer; Director Elia Kazan's thoughtful handling of the unusual cast which includes professionals, non-professionals and some newcomers, all result in a total effect which brilliantly conveys the desperate situation on the waterfront.

Kazan should also get a hand for guiding Marlon Brando in the finest performance of his distinguished movie career. Brando plays an ex-prize fighter who is little more than an errand boy for the waterfront union's crooked boss (Lee J. Cobb). The young man is tolerated by this moneyed big shot only because his brother (Rod Steiger) is the boss' right hand. Brando knows that the boss' goon killed a young fellow who was going to break the waterfront code by testifying to the Crime Commission. Brando is almost indifferent to his very small part in the murder until the dead boy's sister and the parish priest work on him to tell what he knows. Schulberg has written the role with understanding and Brando plays it with equal understanding: there is a touch of the usual Brando toughness and every-man-for-himself attitude, but this is really a portrait of change, of regeneration, and Brando is magnificent in the scenes in which he becomes convinced by the girl and the priest—as well as by the act of extreme violence in which the mugs kill his brother—that the only way he can fight back and save his own integrity is by testifying in the courtroom.

Karl Malden's portrayal of the courageous priest is as outstanding as the author's characterization of the part. The selection of lovely Eva Marie Saint for the role of the convent-raised girl who sways Brando through her gentle loveliness as well as her principles was one of the wisest decisions of the film. The scenes between her and Brando have a haunting beauty.

But it is the picture's dignity you will remember longest: the portrait of a young man who struggles through a seemingly hopeless situation. "On the Waterfront" has weaknesses—particularly in the simplification of the waterfront mess and its inability to make clear the loyalty of men to an organization that allows their loved ones to be destroyed. But as a drama of man's victory and rise from low estate, "On the Waterfront" is a film to stand with the best. The final scenes have the quality of the making of a saint. In this man's triumph is visualized and felt the final victory of all men.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

INDOCHINESE CATHOLICS

THE settlement of the war in Indochina involves the turning over to Communist control of territory which includes much of that nation's Catholic community. In the July 17 *Tablet* (128 Sloane Street, London S.W.1), Paul Rodeur comments on the situation of the Indochinese Catholics. Division of Viet Nam on the 17th parallel, he says, will:

double the number of Vietnamese Catholics in the territories occupied by the Viet Minh, leaving more than twelve hundred thousand of them under Communist rule, and perhaps half a million, south of the parallel, free from that fate for the present at any rate. But those abandoned to Communism would be more than six times the total Catholic population of Japan, and, apart from the Philippine Islands, the most compact and flourishing Catholic population in the whole of the Far East.

Indochina contains altogether, as a result of the patient missionary work of centuries, eighteen Vicariates or Prefectures Apostolic with more than a million and a half Catholics, or about eight per cent of the population. The Catholic proportion, of course, varies greatly in different parts of the country, and nowhere is it more concentrated than in the Tonkin Delta, where the outlook is worst. There are perhaps four hundred thousand Vietnamese Catholics within a thirty-mile radius of Nam Dinh alone, all of whom were left behind by the French withdrawal at the end of June. . . .

When the Japanese capitulated, in the summer of 1945, the position in Indochina was radically different from what it had been in 1941. A nationalist revolution was being promoted by force of arms, and the Communists were waiting in the wings to capture its leadership.

Many French missionaries, with other Frenchmen, were herded into concentration camps, where many priests died. A bitter propaganda campaign sought to discredit the French missionary clergy in the eyes of the Vietnamese clergy and Catholic faithful. The Missionaries, said the Viet Minh Minister of the Interior, were really the agents of foreign conquerors, spies and deceivers of the people. But, as in China a few years later, it was not maintained that the Catholic Church as such was an instrument of European power.

The finest tribute to the patient work of the missionaries in the Far East during many generations past lies in this fact. The Church was accepted, at least to begin with, as a universal Church, the faith as a religion for all mankind, and the Viet Minh

set itself only to discredit the European clergy: so far had those clergy, and their predecessors, succeeded in divesting the Church of any appearance of being essentially European, so far had they succeeded in making toleration of the Church as such, if not of themselves, seem consistent with the most violent nationalist xenophobia.

The great majority of the Catholics remained devoted to the missionaries, even if it was seldom possible for them, in prudence, to express their loyalty in public, when to do so was to risk denunciation as a friend of the "colonials," a *viet gian*, a traitor. But some of the Catholics, and even some of their native clergy, accepted the thesis about the missionaries, and the interesting point is that they felt able to do this without even considering any similar thesis about the Church as such. . . .

It is true, of course, that the Viet Minh was determined not to make martyrs among the Vietnamese. In China, likewise, it is well-known that the Communists have been anxious not to make martyrs among the Chinese. But why not? They show no inhibitions about murdering other people of whom they disapprove. The Secretary of the Bishop of Hong Kong said in London recently that the Chinese Communists have murdered *sixteen or seventeen millions* of their political opponents, on the ground that they were infected by American or other foreign influence, since Mao Tse-tung came to power; there is no obvious reason why they should hesitate about shooting a few hundred Chinese Catholic priests on the ground of their intellectual subjection . . . to Rome. . . . The explanation seems to be that the Church is not thought of as necessarily alien to the Far East by any great proportion of the Far Eastern camp-followers of Communism.

With the Bishops it is different. The first Vietnamese Bishop was appointed in 1933, and today six of the Vicars Apostolic are Vietnamese: those of Phat Diem and Bui Chu, whose Vicariates were left to the Viet Minh by "Operation Auvergne," and those also of Vinh Long, Hanoi, Bacninh (a Dominican) and Vinh. These Bishops are, it seems, leaving their Sees as the Viet Minh comes in. . . . It is a long-standing Communist principle to distinguish between the parish clergy ("the people") and their Bishops ("the bosses"). But it is still not easy to see why this should be necessary.

It may be answered that the fate of the native clergy is merely postponed; but if this complicated deception is necessary, this in itself is the highest tribute to the work of the missionaries who implanted the Faith so deeply. Even after the Holy See had recognized the regime of Bao Dai, many Vietnamese Catholics continued to prefer Ho Chi Minh, without any thought that this might in the

end prove to be a form of apostasy. This may show how careful the Viet Minh has been to disguise its real character; it may show that the French administrators were much less successful in winning the loyalty of the people for their institutions than the missionary clergy were in winning it for the institution of the Church; but it also shows that the view of the Church which has been accepted in Indochina is no narrowly French one, but a truly universal view, making the most perfervid local nationalism seem compatible with the Faith.

COMMUNICATIONS

"ANTI-SEMITISM TODAY"

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editors: Will Herberg has often struck me as a writer of sensitivity, but I somehow miss the same perception in his article, "Anti-Semitism Today" [July 16]. As societies which have "tended to absolutize themselves" and have thus "become idolatrous," he lists medieval Christendom side by side with the pagan world of Hellenism and the divinized states of Nazism and Communism. Little in the world of thought, it seems to me, is as distressing as the neglect of distinctions, the simplification which blurs and obscures. I will not sing here the glories of the Middle Ages; I readily admit that the failings of medieval Christendom were many, that its failings toward the Jews were many; and I fully realize the burden of bitter memories which makes it difficult for a Jew to see the Middle Ages aright. Still, no Christian faith is needed to see that it is a sin against the spirit to mention medieval society in one breath with the modern reigns of the un-spirit.

Another point. Will Herberg declares: "Organized anti-Semitism is definitely on the wane in this country," and: "Anti-Semitism, in its organized form at least, has virtually ceased to exist in American life." I wish I could be as confident as he; I wish with all my heart he were right, but my own observations are sadly different: though some anti-Semitic groups may disguise themselves, the hatred is still there and waiting its time.

Be that as it may, I cannot understand Mr. Herberg's writing simply: "Even the frequent occurrence of 'Jewish names' on the growing list of Communist spies, subversives, and 'infiltrators' has not . . . had any real effect in stimulating a new anti-Semitism"—I cannot understand his writing this without voicing the pain he certainly feels over the Jews who have fallen for the Communist myth. That so many could fall is a sign of evil, to which Jews and Gentiles have contributed. But since evil can be rooted out only

when it is confessed and repented, I should have expected him to speak the sorrow that must be spoken if God is to have mercy on us.

Similarly, how can he quote Schechter's "Every age has its own idolatry, and the Jew is always the chosen victim of the Moloch in fashion"? How can he quote this without a prophetic lament that Jews have been not only among the victims but also among the worshippers?

Beyond doubt, the Jews, as the children of Abraham, God's chosen friend, are all that Will Herberg claims for them, "strangers," "outsiders," "the very embodiment of non-adjustment" "and of the 'principle' of anti-idolatry," and thus a perpetual irritant to the natural man. They are strangers, pilgrims, objectively, but their subjective response to this mark is another matter. Has there been, in the last century, a single idolatry to which Jews—sometimes few, sometimes many—have not succumbed? Even today, when there is certainly a religious awakening among Jews, are there not far too many who believe not in the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, not in the God who appeared to Moses, but in "Jewish existence," "Jewish values," "Jewish group-consciousness," and so on? Not that Will Herberg does not know this and deplore it. But to be silent about it in the context of this article seems to me to distort the picture.

The day requires that we all, Christians and Jews, Christians first but Jews no less, humble ourselves. So I hope Will Herberg will feel that I seek peace and no quarrel when I say: I wish there were visible in his article the spirit of the Day of Atonement, when Jews are bidden to pray: "We are not so arrogant and hardened that we should say before Thee, O Lord our God and God of our fathers, that we are righteous and are sinless; but verily, we have sinned."

(Rev.) JOHN M. OESTERREICHER,
*The Institute of Judaeo-Christian Studies,
Seton Hall University.*

REPLY

Hanover, N. H.

TO the Editors: I am grateful for Father Oesterreicher's letter, but I do not think his criticisms of my article are fully justified.

1. I did not equate medieval Christendom with Nazism and Communism. I simply mentioned it, along with a number of other social and political orders, as illustrations of how the tendency of societies to absolutize themselves leads to the persecution of the Jews. I am well aware that medieval Christendom was not, and could not possibly have been, a totalitarian society, but I do believe that the tendency to corporate self-absolutization was there and had its inevitable consequences as far as the Jews were concerned.

2. My impression that "anti-Semitism, in its organized form at least, has virtually ceased to exist in American life" seems to be borne out by most sources of information I have come across—for example, the recent report of the American Jewish Committee, "Anti-Semitic Activity in the United States: A Report and Appraisal." Father Oesterreicher should remember that it was of overt, organized anti-Semitism I was speaking, not of the latent, often unconscious kind, which I well know to be pervasive even today (I say so in my article: "It is not necessary to insist that large numbers of Americans do not harbor racist or anti-Semitic feelings; of course they do"). The whole burden of my analysis was to try to show that the problem of anti-Semitism was a problem not so much of the organized lunatic-fringe "hate" groups as of certain deep-lying tendencies in American life.

3. I can't quite make out what Father Oesterreicher is reproaching me with in connection with my remarks on the "frequent occurrence of 'Jewish names' on the growing list of Communist spies, subversives, and infiltrators. . . ." Is it his thought that I should have explicitly expressed my "sorrow" that so many Jews have let themselves be caught up by the Communist conspiracy against mankind? Of course, I feel this "sorrow" (a rather weak word for it), but was it really necessary for me to make a formal statement to that effect for no reason at all except to put myself on record? I hardly think so.

4. Again in reproaching me for not stating explicitly that Jews too are sinful human beings, turning away from God and worshiping idols, Father Oesterreicher seems to me to have missed the point of my remarks. Of course, millions of Jews in America, as elsewhere, have abandoned their faith and have forgotten the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; everyone knows that and I have said so in rather vehement terms on many an occasion. But the point—the crucial, basic point—is that even these Jews are "objectively" witnesses to the God they have renounced, because—such is the "mystery of Israel"—by being Jews, *simply* by being Jews, they constitute an offense and a challenge to the idolatrous powers of the world. That, indeed, is their God-appointed vocation as Jews: "to give the world no peace so long as the world has not God" (J. Maritain). Altogether too many Jews refuse to recognize and take up this vocation; that is a deplorable, a tragic fact. But they cannot escape it, as both history and contemporary experience prove. (I may refer to my earlier article, "Anti-Semitism on the Left," *The Commonweal*, January 16, 1953, for a somewhat more extended treatment of this theme in relation to Communism.)

I am sorry Father Oesterreicher missed what he was looking for in my article. I hope these explanations will help.

WILL HERBERG.

Emmanuel Mounier: Tragic Optimist

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

THE late Emmanuel Mounier was one of the most important Catholic intellectuals in the recent history of France. He founded the review, *Esprit*, which became a center of discussion, independent of partisan affiliation. He took part in the Resistance movement—and became one of the first critics of the myth of the Resistance. Above all, he was associated with the personalist movement, a revolutionary political program in the traditions of libertarian socialism and radical Christianity.

Now a posthumous volume of his essays, *Be Not Afraid*, has been made available to the American public [Harper, \$3.50]. In this book, Mounier attempts an exorcism of the despair attendant upon the apocalyptic conditions of our time, the terrible vision which modern man has of an end to his world. He succeeds—as far as reason can succeed. He fails, inevitably, because his very Gallic lucidity refuses to plumb the truly demonic depths of the possibility which we confront today.

APOCALYPSE has no politics. Within its terrible surreality, prophecy and repentance are logical, but not reason. Thus, the modern consciousness faces an almost intolerable dilemma. It exists in two worlds. One is new, a world of total annihilation and megadeath. The other is familiar, relative, the almost insane persistence of the traditional under the very shadow of the beast.

Yet Mounier at least confronts this new world. For if it is true that one cannot formulate a political program for a cataclysm, it is equally true that one must radically reformulate the politics of the old world, not in terms of eschatology, but so that a different kind of new world may come into being. And here reason has its function, here Mounier's meditation is a great value. There is no such thing as a transition toward apocalypse, toward the end of creation; there is, there must be, a movement striving away from it.

In a sense, Mounier begins with Marx, and quite consciously. His formulation, "We could not truly say until now that humanity was master of its future, since it was still condemned to have a future. . . ." is a re-

statement of the Marxist concept of the leap into a new world which stands in relation to the old as history does to pre-history. And though Mounier, like Marx, say that this new world could be a new barbarism, he too believed that it would not be.

TAKE the problem of technology. To Mounier, this problem is primarily a matter of political organization. He quotes Marx with approval: "The contradictions and antagonisms inseparable from the capitalist exploitation of machines are not derived from the machines themselves. . . . It took both time and experience before the workpeople learned to distinguish between machinery and its employment . . . and to direct their attacks, not against the material instruments of production, but against the mode in which they are used."

It is obvious that there is a profound truth in this attitude. It is a position of one who radically believes in freedom, because it asserts the ability of mind to control, consciously, his material environment. Certainly we have already seen a certain rationalization of the brutalities of early industrial society.

But what is left out of this formulation, in both Mounier and Marx, is the possible absolutism of the machine. Even in a society in which production is regulated in the most utopian fashion, the very processes of industry are a brutalizing factor. Is the alienation of the worker merely from the value of his product, or is it not inherent in the very rhythm and being of technology itself?

The point is even more obvious when it is brought to bear upon military technology. The hydrogen bomb is not simply a new species of weapon, to be assimilated to the conditions of existence as were the bow and arrow and gunpowder. It is a new *genus*, a new kind of existence, or rather, a new kind of non-existence. In Hegel's term, quantity has become quality, the accreted inventions of military technology have now transformed war itself into a totally new reality.

Mounier does not, of course, ignore this possibility. Neither did Marx. Yet Mounier's emotional emphasis is committed to the belief that technology is more a question of the use of machines than of their nature. Thus, although he writes that one might be led to be-

Mr. Harrington is a frequent contributor to this and other magazines.

lieve "that technics have a 'hubris' of their own which is independent of the regime that employs them," he spends far much more time in documenting the contrary.

One reason for this is the nature of the criticism that has usually been directed against technology (Bernanos', for instance). It is precisely in terms of prophecy, and thus shrill, absolute, a cry rather than the initiation of a discussion. But its greatest deficiency is that, having made a frightening and often accurate appraisal of the potentialities of modern technology, it then suggests a "return" to some previous idyllic state of society. The element here which angers a man like Mounier is that he realizes that such a return is impossible, that society *will* move forward, even if toward barbarism. History, as W. H. Auden has remarked, does not say, 'Alas.'

Thus, if Mounier is deficient in realizing the evil possibilities of modern life, he is right in rejecting the romantic and escapist notion of turning time backwards. He is right in seeing that *if* there is a possibility, it is in ordering technology politically so as to allow for a liberation of the human personality. If Mounier lacks the understanding of the irrational which prophecy can summon, he at least knows that the only hope lies in a reasonable use of our new, and sometimes terrifying, environment.

HAVING said this, I would like to restate the claim of the absolute, and attempt to place it within the context of Mounier's thought. If the preceding has given the impression that he was simply a rationalist humanist with a little more of the tragic sense, it is misleading and must be corrected.

Today we do face the possibility of historical absolutes: that there are historical situations in which no alternatives exist. Such a hypothesis is anathema to the rationalist intelligence for it contradicts the liberal faith that there is always a reasonable possibility. Yet there is not a reasonable, or "liberal," way to drop a hydrogen bomb on a city. It makes no difference who administers a war of total annihilation. In such a struggle, there is no lesser evil of one side against the other. There is only the monstrous common evil. I believe it was Father Danielou who once said that the third world war will not be a fight of Russians against Americans, but of Russians and Americans against the common enemy: humanity.

Such a situation, its mere possibility, means that if there is a "solution" to history, it does not lie within history, or else it does not exist at all. Today, I do not think that secular thought can face this reality. A philosopher like Bertrand Russell will tell us that we need to be reasonable. A positivist will remark that the question of God is a "neutral hypothesis" (i.e. neither

provable, nor disprovable, but the world will go on anyway). When confronted with such attitudes, one thinks of William James who wrote of the "once-born" who simply lacked a sense of evil and of good, who can be said to be God-blind as some people are color-blind.

Mounier would not accept such a pseudo-solution. He confronted the reality and placed his faith, his hope, in reason *and* in God. He did not look to this world alone. He maintained his secular hope side by side with a secular despair and with a meta-historical faith. He was, to use William James' other phrase, "twice-born." This does not mean that he saw the choice as either the yogi or the commissar. In a very real sense, he rejected both.

The weakness—and the toughness—of his thought is summarized in one quotation from *Be Not Afraid*. He says: " 'The great tidal wave of barbarism is at our gates,' wrote Nietzsche in 1873. It was traditional in Europe to expect it from the East. The habit is still with us. But the East has never been able to pour over Europe except when Europe was in decomposition. The great tidal wave of barbarism is in our hearts, which are empty, in our heads which we have lost, in the incoherence of our works and the stupidities of our short-term activities."

Characteristically, this quotation is overly optimistic. The great tidal wave of barbarism may well not be primarily in our hearts, or heads, or in us at all. It may be that we have created forces which we cannot cope with. Here is the claim of the absolute, the apocalyptic image, which cannot be exorcised. Today it exists as an imminent possibility. Tomorrow it may be our reality. If that is so, then the *only* hope is God.

YET as long as there is a chance that the fault is with us, that we can change the old world so as not to enter into the instantaneous world of apocalypse, the moment of the end of time, we must continue to struggle. We must say that it is our guilt. And here, Mounier's optimism is sufficiently tragic to be true. It is a summons to action while there is still time.

Mounier rejected the role of the prophet, of the apocalyptic cry. But he did not then take upon himself the role of the rationalist. He was a revolutionary. For he realized that if there were any hope, a revolution was needed to materialize it. And when he said revolution, he did not mean the barricades, but a movement of social forces, based upon the working class, engaged in a radical transformation of existing society. This was his alternative, a revolution both moral and economic, for he saw the two as inseparable. If his hope and his revolutionary fervor lack a certain sense of tragedy, they gain in their sense of hope. Would that it were contagious.

The Making of the Totalitarian Man

THE FALL OF A TITAN. By Igor Gouzenko. Translated by Mervin Black. Norton. \$4.50.

By WILLIAM PFAFF

THIS is a biography of the new man, the modern servant of totalitarianism. The title comes from what is in fact a counter-theme, the disillusionment of a Soviet writer strongly resembling the late Maxim Gorky.

Feodor Novikov lost his family in the Revolution. A student, young and sentimental, he joined the Red Guards; there he lost his sentimentality. A combination of circumstances brought him into a secret work with the *Cheka* section of his regiment and as a *Cheka* agent among the Whites in Odessa. When peace came he returned to his studies, but his association with the secret police did not end. Service with the secret police in any dictatorship seems to have but one exit, the horizontal one.

Novikov is a very shrewd man as well as a brilliant one. A historian by profession, he becomes one of the first to recognize the academic demands of the new society. He takes a long chance: estimating the direction of the trends of Soviet theory, he prepares a work in a field then without an official party line, early Russian history, and in it he stresses Russian nationalism. His gamble pays off; he has set the tone of Soviet historical work; he wins the favor of Stalin himself.

Novikov's academic career is assured. His secret police work continues apace. He is given the enormously important job of winning the confidence of the writer Mikhail Gorin (Gorky), an early Bolshevik who had spent a number of years in exile and returned to Russia shortly prior to the time of this novel (the mid-thirties). Gorin is of unparalleled importance to the Soviet people and the Western intellectual world (and consequently to the Soviet government) as the symbol of the conscience of the men of the Revolution. He is living on the Don as a great public figure, his home a

luxurious villa, his travels and contacts skillfully and clandestinely managed by the realists of the MVD. He is as isolated from the realities of ordinary Soviet life as if he had remained in Capri.

Novikov is charged with influencing Gorin to write a justification of the method Stalin had increasingly resorted to in his consolidation of power: the practice of the theory that the end justifies any means. Novikov succeeds. Gorin writes a play about Ivan the Terrible, eulogizing Ivan as the man who created modern Russia, as the man who did not permit 'sentimentality' to interfere with the demands of history. Gorin receives his reward and his awakening. Novikov, long awake, receives his reward too.

But Novikov is not a monster. He is not a conscienceless totalitarian machine. Novikov knows where he is going but, unlike Gorin, he has no illusions about the nature of the journey. In his own way he is a pitiful figure, but he is also, for those of us in the West who are his enemies, a uniquely frightening figure: he is both commissar and human being. Novikov will remorselessly murder at the order of the Party. He will also murder to protect the few people he knows who are 'believers' — anti-Soviets. Both murders would be logical to him. He feels that the believers need protection, that they are right. But he has committed his own life and career to the Party and to the Soviet Union, and if the Party ordered him to murder believers he undoubtedly would obey, as he does obey when the Party orders him to abandon his pregnant wife to conscript labor in a chemical plant. Thus Novikov is beyond the facile appeals of the West. He will not be converted by having democracy explained to him or by being told what is monstrous about the Soviet Union; he knows quite well what democracy is and what the Soviet Union is and has already cast his lot.

Igor Gouzenko has in Novikov

created the most brilliant and believable figure of the totalitarian man in modern fiction. Novikov is a supplement to much that was said in another book, Czeslaw Milosz' *The Captive Mind*.

It seems to me that this novel makes a serious claim to literature by virtue of the portrait of Novikov. The other characters are respectable but not extraordinary creations. (They include, by the way, Beria, Malenkov and Stalin.) The plot is tedious for long stretches, in spite of the various rapes and murders along the way, and only in the final third does it come to a sudden, unified, brutal and thunderously powerful climax.

It is difficult to evaluate the background of the novel; difficult, that is, for one who has never lived in the USSR. It frequently seems stagy and hither, but two scenes, a winter night in Moscow and the wedding of Gorin's daughter, seem to me extraordinary accomplishments, the latter as low, rich and true as Brueghel. Here, as in the novel as a whole, the current of ordinariness is broken by events of remarkable beauty and power. Gouzenko, the ex-Soviet code clerk, has not proved that he is a great writer, but he has proved that he must be taken very seriously. And his undertaking here is a heroic one which looms like the Andes over our worn contemporary landscape of literary introspection.

"Affable Hawk"

PORTRAITS. By Desmond MacCarthy. Oxford. \$3.50.

By RILEY HUGHES

"DESMOND," Virginia Woolf once recorded in a diary entry, "is a good bell-ringer; and will start the others—I mean, the talk among intimates will follow, more or less, his lines." And Cyril Connolly, among others, has reminded us how many "intimates" the late

Sir Desmond McCarthy created for literature. Fifty years and more of dining out and as many of judicious literary repast equipped him superbly for his career as literary gossip in countless reviews, columns, and BBC talks.

His was a gossip of a superior sort, for the "Affable Hawk," as he signed himself, had a sympathy too broad and a mind too just for trivia. In a world of austere literary explicators too often acting as though literary texts were produced by automata innocent of biography, he persisted, in his large, old-fashioned way, of linking the work he enjoyed to the men who made it. "All criticism with me," he writes in an essay in *Portraits*, "is the product of a circling, wool-gathering process." An essential part of this process was always a consideration of the man he was writing about, whether the work he created was literary or political. "I have always been in temperament a hero-worshipper," he tells us elsewhere, "though not on paper." First he gives us the man himself in characteristic gesture and utterance; then, affably but with unerring instinct for the hard core, he swoops down for a "formula" to characterize the work.

When he writes, as here, of Conrad, of Asquith, of Meredith (recalling that he was an unabashed young worshipper) and of Henry James ("I remember a conversation in a four-wheeler . . .") he speaks out of precise personal knowledge. He has no hesitation about putting himself in the scene, for his purpose is to place his reader there too. His evocative powers were not limited to his memories of friends and acquaintances merely, for he can write with equal authority of Disraeli, Trollope, Izaak Walton, and Horace. When he writes of those he could not know in life it is again the "portrait" which attracts him. A novelist *manqué*, he sets up the scene for the living man ("as though I were myself upon the spot") and in will walk Bunyan, or Oom Paul, or Voltaire.

Once when he was halfway through one of Virginia Woolf's novels, Desmond McCarthy wrote a letter to her to announce: "I mar-

vel and am puzzled." Readers of McCarthy's books who did not know the man himself must marvel at the performance of this man who so strikingly revealed others and be puzzled that he so successfully concealed himself. He was a member of the Bloomsbury group, yet the usual reactions to the epithet, whether admiring or condemnatory, scarcely apply to him. He was a journalist who took infinite pains with his writing, yet he was unafraid of verbal and critical clichés. His temper is too generous to permit

epigram or compact scintillation; thus there are many shrewd touches and exacting judgments but not one brilliant page. He will continue to be read (as this posthumous reissue of *Portraits* argues), but as time goes on and his personal impact on his contemporaries fades he may be read as one is drawn to the subjects—and they were many—on which he wrote so well. But perhaps less and less will one be drawn to Desmond McCarthy (in contrast, say, to George Orwell) to learn what subjects interested him.

The Criticism of Ezra Pound

THE LITERARY ESSAYS OF EZRA POUND.
Edited with an introduction by T. S. Eliot.
New Directions. \$6.

By MARSHALL McLuhan

WRITING of Lionel Johnson in 1915, Pound said: "The 'nineties' have chiefly gone out because of their muzziness, because of a softness derived, I think, not from books but from impressionist painting." If that remark is checked against the extant prose of W. B. Yeats, T. E. Hulme, and Ford Madox Ford, it will appear in its true light. That is to say, it will be seen as the residue of years of intense conversation and speculation with Ford, Yeats, Hulme, and many others.

Pound went to England about 1907 to study poetry with Yeats because he regarded Yeats as the only practitioner of verse in England who had got rid of rhetoric from poetry. Pound at once set about educating Yeats and induced him to abandon the magical incantations of the Celtic Twilight manner.

After Pound had written the above view of the "nineties" and had incorporated it in his poem "Hugh Selwyn Mauberley," Yeats was diagnosing his early verse in the same way:

"I had set out in life with the thought of putting my very self into poetry . . . but as I had imagined the visions outside myself my imagination be-

came full of decorative landscape."

What both Pound and Yeats are saying is that the real revolution in art and poetry came for them with the shift from exterior (impressionist) to interior (symbolist) landscape. The use of external situations as formulas for the evoking of mental states is impressionist and decorative. That is to say, it is both Romantic and Pre-Raphaelite. But interior landscape frees the poet for the dramatic rendering of the motions of the mind (Dante's formula for style) when perturbed by intuitions of the divine. It was the pursuit of this mental drama that led Yeats, Pound, and Eliot to adopt the dramatic movement of colloquial speech in preference to the deliberately sought melancholy of Pre-Raphaelite verse.

Poe had taught Baudelaire and the French had taught the English that melancholy was the state of mind induced by intuitions of divine beauty. They had thus pursued melancholy as a magical means of evoking the divine. The history of twentieth century poetry is of the recovery from that error and perhaps of the adoption of others. It is easy for us to see how Hopkins, the greatest of the Pre-Raphaelites, recovered from this mistake at the outset. Nobody could see this in 1880.

The critical prose of Pound is a play-by-play account of the esthetic encounters and explorations of the

past fifty years. The period that includes Henry James, Ford, Hulme, D. H. Lawrence, Conrad, Wyndham Lewis, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, Pound, and Yeats will one day appear as easily the richest single period of English literature. It will be seen as the first period to have assimilated Homer and Dante on their own terms.

In his introduction to this volume Mr. Eliot does not hesitate to place Pound's criticism above that of all other English poets and critics: "It is something, but not much, for the classification of Pound's criticism, to place it with the other notable contributions of poets to criticism. . . . But none of these was so consistently concerned with teaching others how to write. And of no other poet can it be more important to say that his criticism and his poetry, his precept and his practice, compose a single *oeuvre*." That is, Mr. Eliot is saying, very deliberately, that it is not very great praise to say that Pound's critical writing is the greatest in our language. It is only fair to add that

Mr. Eliot's criticism has a comparable scope and importance.

With his usual quiet sureness of tact Mr. Eliot notes that as critic Pound is "first and foremost a teacher and a campaigner." Pound is obsessed with a passionate desire "not merely to write well himself, but to live in a period in which he could be surrounded by equally intelligent and creative minds. Hence his impatience. For him, to discover a new writer of genius is as satisfying an experience as it is for a lesser man to believe that he has written a great work of genius himself . . . he has cared less for his personal achievement than for the life of letters and art."

To list the immediate benefactors of Pound's critical and promotional largesse is to give the names of all his contemporaries from Yeats to Hemingway. That this fact should be but dimly perceived and reluctantly felt in the academies of our age would take much space to explain. But the main fact is that Pound's influence has been felt mostly in conversation and through

his personal letters. The academies are outside the orbit of these influences in any age. We know that it was the conversation of Coleridge and Wordsworth and of Hallam and Tennyson that reshaped English poetry in the nineteenth century. Their writings made their way but slowly. And such may well be the case with the writings of Ezra Pound.

Romans

ROMAN WALL. By Bryher. Pantheon. \$2.75.

By DAVID I. SEGAL

THE title of Bryher's latest historical novel, *Roman Wall*, refers not so much to a physical barrier as to the feeling of safety engendered by the fact of being Roman. One of the characters says, "It is hard to be a Roman but if we keep the laws, they are a wall around us that no enemy can pierce." Set in southern France dur-

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ing the third century A.D., the book examines the relationship between the crumbling outer defenses of the empire and the inner defenses of its citizens. As in her two previous novels, Bryher is interested in moments which involve a conflict between an old tired cultural tradition and a new one with more energy than grace. *The Fourteenth of October* deals with the Norman victory over the Saxons; *The Player's Boy* with the English puritan victory over the theater; *Roman Wall* with the encroachment of the barbarians on the shrinking fringes of the Roman Empire. All three catastrophes provide the occasion for beautiful, precise writing.

By having five main figures, separated at times between a sleepy farm town and a provincial capital, Bryher manages to infuse her short book with a sense of teeming life and activity which should be the envy of the purveyors of the sprawling bedroom-and-brawl school of historical fiction. Her five protagonists reflect a full spectrum of attitudes towards the decay of the empire, from a passionate disbelief in its possibility to a pettish irritation at the ensuing inconveniences. At the first extreme is Julia, the sister of the military commander of a small rural garrison; the other position is held by the aging mistress of the governor of the province. The narrative moves between these two couples just before the province is overrun by barbarians.

The fifth character is a trader, who travels from the garrison to the capital and is used to tie the four together. He is a Greek, and therefore manages to feel superior to both barbarians and Romans. Whereas in her two other books Bryher was an unashamed partisan for the losing cause, in this one, I believe, she is curious about the genesis of the fall of the empire but unmoved by it. The Greek is useful since he believes himself to be a passive but wryly interested spectator until he finds himself endangered by the situation. He acts therefore as a possibly conscious corrective to Bryher's attitude: neither he nor we can escape the consequences inherent in the decline of a civilization.

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Towards the end of the novel the Greek says, "We may not know why things happen but we can learn from the tiny details that surround us." Throughout her books Bryher's method has been to remove small details from a large historical picture and examine them, with the care of a jeweler. Although she avoids anything as easy as direct comment, her grasp of any given historical situation, which is the result of a poetic sensibility firmly grounded on scholarship, is communicated to the reader as an almost live thing. There is, for example, an eight-page description of minor league gladiatorial games which perfectly fulfills one of the necessary requirements for first-class historical fiction: it leaves the reader sure that this is the way it must have been. Finally, in this age of machine-like prose, Bryher writes like a woman with a private income: she can afford to take pains, and although never destined to be a best seller, *Roman Wall* will repay those willing to take the time to savor it.

REVIEWERS

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If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan*. Well, here's a savings system that really works—the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U.S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a couple of dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay.

And automatically invested in Series "E" U.S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only \$3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have \$2,137.30.

United States Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they

can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish, giving you a return of 80% on your original investment!

Eight million working men and women are building their security with the Payroll Savings Plan. For your sake, and your family's, too, how about signing up today? If you are self-employed, ask your banker about the Bond-A-Month Plan.

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